

MOTHERS TEARFULLY REFUSE TO LET THEIR GIRLS NURSE

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The Nation in Its Call for Student Nurses Confronts a Big Situation—The Difference Between Those Who Bore Sons and Those Who Bore Daughters

MARY C—has received word to report in the base hospital at Camp Dix and all the girls are envious of her. Mary C—has more envious eyes regarding her than she has ever dreamed of. No poor little Cinderella lately ushered into millions has ever been hitched to a lofter star.

Then, if you have ever sensed girlish dreams and better yearnings beating against iron bars you will understand this letter that has come to me. Dear Editor—You have helped so many I wonder what you can do for me. I can put it all in a nutshell. I want to go and be a nurse and my mother refuses to let me. She says, at least, she hasn't positively put her foot down, but every time I suggest it there is such a commotion and whining that I have to shut myself up. She says that she will break her heart if I go. We have no boys in the war, only two little ones, and she says that she is not needed at home as far as support goes. I am twenty-one. All my life I have wanted to do things. Since I was a child I have wanted to be a nurse. I have had my mother's heart to break. What would you advise an only daughter to do in a case like this? I am not crazy. I do not care whether I go into an army hospital or a civilian one, as long as I know I am helping to win the war. I am making a little niche for myself.

A INSTRUCTED GIRL.

MY DEAR friend, you have hit upon a subject that is rising in the air. Many mothers are refusing to let their daughters answer Uncle Sam's call for nurses.

Whose war is it? Mothers of daughters have patriotically sighed and wished their sons to give to their country. Patriotism has led to some one called it. And it proved to be that kind, because now that the chance has come to lend the flesh, strong vigor to their country's war effort, mothers are whining. Yes, mothers who have knit and made speeches; mothers who have clapped for each new line of soldiers that passed in the war film; mothers who have war cries such as "On to Berlin." These are saying it will break their hearts to have their daughters go.

Clapping for the soldiers. Little these women care for the hearts of the mothers that weeping when they never come back or it's today and hurrah when they're up and swinking to the tune of the band. But it's turning your back when they're down. Clapping won't win the war. As though they care who bangs her hands when it's broken they are and needing some one to turn them in the flesh, clean sheets to make the hospital less keen. Every girl who enters the nursing student nurses' reserve here releases a graduate nurse for the battlefield. And there's nothing the army nursing school of the reserve receive their training in hospitals that

Adventures With a Purse

IF I were to say to you, "I saw a lovely georgette crepe waist today," you might reply indifferently, "Is that so?" Have you seen Mrs. Thimblebottom lately? But if I were gently but firmly to remind you that the georgette crepe is a new blouse for your fall suit and call your attention to the fact that while there are georgette waists and georgette blouses, you could not find one which could equal in quiet elegance the one I discovered today were you to pay twice its price, you might be interested. It is of superior quality crepe—not the thin tissue paper material that one associates with the lower-priced waists, and instead of being a wispy-waisty color, it is a lovely shade of pink, but not too deep. The square-necked vest front has chic little pearl buttons down each side in rows of four, and countless fine tucks coming over the bust from the shoulder combine to give this waist the appearance of a \$10 or \$12 blouse, although the price is only \$5.

Ask anybody who pretends to be a fashion authority what is one of the most important parts of the wardrobe of a well-groomed woman, and the answer will be, "Her accessories—collar and cuffs, and all that sort of thing." How easy it is to spoil a smart costume by a hampered collar, if you, however, are searching for a collar and cuff set

Please Tell Me What to Do

Wants to Help. Dear Cynthia—Can you help me find the georgette blouse I saw in the window of the store? I saw it last week and I would like to buy it. I have a lot of money and I would like to spend it on a nice blouse. I have a lot of money and I would like to spend it on a nice blouse. I have a lot of money and I would like to spend it on a nice blouse.

Is He Jealous? Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl sixteen years of age and I have a very nice boy who is engaged to a serious breach of good society.

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THE DAILY NOVELETTE THE SEVENTH DAY

By Tula Richardson. DAVID STIRLING, lieutenant-at-arms, climbed the hotel steps wearily, he knewed mechanically the greetings of the usual porch squad of soldiers, and dropped into a chair—comfortable, but far from the madding crowd. Seven times he had repeated these same words with the same delectation, the same absent-minded manner, the same weary drooping into a chair.

ONE OF THE NEWEST BLACK SATIN FROCKS

Immediately afterward the heads of the rocker brigade would meet, and the buzz of whispering voices arise, some sympathetic, some mildly angered. Scraps of sentences drifted to David's ears, such as "Too bad! Poor fellow, it must have been a heavy case of nerves. I wonder what the quarrel was about, anyway." Some maintained that it was not her fault, but his. David tried to remember their names for future reference. In the meantime, on the seventh day, David lit a cigarette and stared moodily out over the sea and sky, spread lavishly before him as if to console him with their beauty. For a time the quiet hush of his nature responded enough to isolate him from his disturbing thoughts. The sky was blue, the clouds were white, the sea was blue, the clouds and foam were pearls—but at this point his mind wandered to diamonds—engagement—girl—girl in particular. And he was back again in the world of his troubles. For the seventh time David reviewed the chain of events. Two weeks ago he had come to spend a month at the quiet retreat of his father's estate, near Carol Thatcher, his fiancée, before he left for the southern training camp.

The first week had been blissful. The second week had been a perfect day. Bathing, boating, fishing, walking on the beach, and the sea breeze, and the sun, and the sand, and the shells, and the rocks, and the waves, and the foam, and the pearls, and the diamonds, and the engagement, and the girl, and the girl in particular. And he was back again in the world of his troubles. For the seventh time David reviewed the chain of events. Two weeks ago he had come to spend a month at the quiet retreat of his father's estate, near Carol Thatcher, his fiancée, before he left for the southern training camp.

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A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR. Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Co.

THE STORY TRUE FOR Ruth sat alone in her room, crouched under a big chair. Through the window she could see the lighted windows of the apartment house opposite, and the sounds of the city ebbed and pulsed around her. The thought came to her as it had come to many people before, that every lighted window meant the presence of human beings, and where there were people there were problems that had to be decided. The fact that her own unusual problem seemed paramount was the only thing that mattered.

It made no difference how she faced "things that was no way out. Over and over again she whispered these words aloud, "Scott is missing, Scott is missing," and over and over again she would repeat, "I love him, I love him." At last she admitted the great truth, the truth that had staggered her when she had first faced it earlier that day. Reasoning did not help matters. There was no reason at all in this great overwhelming feeling that had surprised her with its intensity. It was worth suffering like this to arrive somewhere, definitely, Ruth thought, where she could see him. She had played lightly on the surface of life, had feared to face change and revolution, and who had wanted things to go on forever, but the heavy, careful manner of her girlhood. She had passed all that, left it behind her on the road of life and had taken up instead, the burden of a man's cause. Her life had been a life of sacrifice, and her life had been a life of sacrifice.

But if he were alive? Her heart leaped at the thought, and he was alive. Even if she had made a mess of her own life, she could go through with it, if only that report about Scott were wrong. It was worth something to discover her real feelings; it was worth suffering like this to arrive somewhere, definitely, Ruth thought, where she could see him. She had played lightly on the surface of life, had feared to face change and revolution, and who had wanted things to go on forever, but the heavy, careful manner of her girlhood. She had passed all that, left it behind her on the road of life and had taken up instead, the burden of a man's cause. Her life had been a life of sacrifice, and her life had been a life of sacrifice.

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TOMATO VINEGAR IS VERY TASTY IN SALADS

Made Simply by Allowing Juice to Stand in Warm Place a Few Days

In attempting to utilize the tomato in many ways as possible, it is not an uncommon practice, especially with "tomato club" girls, to make what is termed "tomato vinegar." This product is not a vinegar, although it has a sour taste and to a certain extent, as in salads and for table purposes, can be used as a substitute for vinegar. It is really a lactic acid fermentation instead of acetic acid, and for this reason is more like sour milk and sauerkraut juice. It spoils rapidly after fermentation unless it is put into bottles, filled as full as possible, and corked tight. After opening and exposure to the air the product will spoil unless kept very cold. In making this product the juice is collected and allowed to stand in a warm place for a few days. After it becomes sour it should be filtered or strained and stored in bottles filled full and corked tight. It is said that products of this type are being used as substitutes for vinegar in Austria. There appears to be no reason why such a product could not be used in salad dressings with entire satisfaction.

Southern Corn Bread. One cupful sour milk, one-half teaspoonful soda dissolved in one teaspoonful water, one tablespoonful shortening, one egg yolk, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half cupful cornmeal, white of one egg beaten stiff and added last. Mix in the order given and bake in muffin tins in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. This cornbread is to be real southern cornbread should be made of white cornmeal made from the whole grain.

WILBUR'S COCOA

"ALL FOOD, NO WASTE" In these days of food stress and high prices, The Wise Housewife Welcomes Wilbur Cocoa. As a solution to many table problems, As a food Wilbur Cocoa has extraordinary value, and the number of dainty dishes that can be made with it are as surprising as they are delightful to eat.

For a better powder anywhere for Babies and Adults—for Prickly Heat, Galls, Burns, all irritating skin affections, etc., than Bismoline—The Only Medicated Healing Talcum Powder, Made of Bismuth, for particular people who appreciate the good things in life and want to live in real comfort.

We Pay You To try the first box of Bismoline; have your druggist certify your purchase on his label—send it to us and we'll mail you 25c bottle finest perfume made.

Le Fèvre Bismoline Co., Lancaster, Pa. V. H. Smith & Co., Miller Drug Co. and all Leading Druggists

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BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

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